

Exorcism

A Fear sat by my door both day and night,
I could not sleep, nor food nor drink could taste,
From dusk to dawn I kept a well-trimmed light,
A double lock upon the door I placed:—

What could I do? First idle songs I sung,
And strove to keep my woe-ful heart in cheer;
So trembled my unwilling voice and tongue,
To him who sat without 'twas sport to hear.

Next, I unto my learned books did turn,
In hope some potent charm therefrom to read;
With vex'd soul, I bade their dry leaves burn,
Who could not help me in my utmost need.

At last, I thought 'twere best my foe to face
(Bold had I grown by counsel of despair);
I oped the door; the Fear, with mocking grace,
Bade me Goodby,—and vanished in the air.

By Edith M. Thomas.

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